

Cover

THE
TEMPLE OF HEALTH,
A POETIC VISION.

Occasioned by the universal Joy expressed on his Majesty's most happy Recovery.

— "And they blew the Trumpet,
"And all the People said—GOD SAVE THE KING."

BY A LADY.

L O N D O N :

Printed for THE AUTHOR, by W. CHALKLEN; and sold at No. 49, GRACECHURCH-STREET; and
E. and T. WILLIAMS, No. 133, STRAND.

1789.

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

17442.42



Duplicate money

T O

THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

THIS FIRST EFFUSION

OF A LOYAL AND JOYFUL HEART,

Is, with the most profound Respect,

HUMBLY DEDICATED

BY HER MAJESTY'S MOST DUTIFUL, MOST LOYAL, AND MOST OBEDIENT

SUBJECT AND SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY

THIS FIRST EDITION

OF A ROYAL AND JOINT HANDBOOK

As well as the new printed copy

HUMBERT DEBAILLÉ

By His Majesty's most dutiful and most obedient

SUBJECT AND SERVANT

THE AUTHOR

T H E
TEMPLE OF HEALTH,

A
P O E T I C V I S I O N.

W I T H joy we hail'd the day that Heav'n restor'd
The best of Kings, by every heart ador'd,
Light-wing'd with happiness it took it's flight,
And mirth and pleasure cheer'd the gloomy' night,
Through ev'ry loyal breast new transport run,
And with ten thousand lights our turrets shone ;

B

Fatigued

Fatigued at length I sunk in soft repose,
And soon the scene again before me rose.

I crost in thought a rough and boist'rous main,
And landed safe upon a flow'ry plain;
A glorious building to my sight appear'd,
High to the skies it's lofty tow'rs were rear'd,
The shining sides were form'd of polish'd stone,
On which the Sun's bright beams reflected shone;
Just in the midst a mighty portal spread,
That to a spacious splendid temple led,
High at the top a lofty altar stood,
Unstain'd with gore, and undefil'd with blood,
The snowy sides with blooming flow'rs were bound,
And the high pile a wreath of laurel crown'd;
I look'd amaz'd, and soon a sage I saw,
His beard descended white as falling snow,
Calm was his look, and o'er his aged head,
The hand of Time thin hoary locks had spread,
But with the flush of health his features glow'd,
And strength and firmness every motion show'd;

Great

Great Æsculapius soon with joy I knew;
Near him a blooming maid appear'd in view,
With youthful beauty shone the smiling dame,
Goddeſs of health; Hygiæa was her name:
A thouſand vot'ries croud the temple round,
And through the dome diſcordant cries reſound,
I heard the ſhriek of agonizing pain,
And ſaw delirium ſhake her galling chain;
Diſeaſe in every ſhape before me roſe,
Amaz'd awhile I view'd the train of woes,
I mourn'd the ills that on frail mortals wait,
And wept mankind's uncertain, helpleſs ſtate;
At laſt the ſickly train addreſs'd the fair,
Hear Goddeſs! Hear! they cried, our humble pray'r!
And thou bright Phœbus, glorious pow'r divine,
That on our lower world delights to ſhine,
O deign to us thy powerful aid to give,
And bid at eaſe thy wretched ſuppliants live!
Then bending to the ſage they trembling cried;
O let on us thy healing arts be tried;

Before

Before thy hand bid pale disease retire,
And kindle in our frames life's genial fire;
So earth's most distant bounds shall hail thy name.
And ages far remote proclaim thy fame.

While yet they spoke a glorious band I saw
Approach, and bend before the maid with awe;
BRITANNIA'S GENIUS rear'd her lofty head,
And kneeling to the Goddess, thus she said:
Behold me kneel, who never knelt before,
And at thy feet thy powerful aid implore
To save a kingdom and a King restore;
See here before thee England's heroes bow,
To save their country from distress and woe,
They leave their sacred mansions in the skies;
O hear their prayer! attend their mournful cries!
From Albion's shore O drive the fiend Despair,
And make her Monarch thy peculiar care,
Far from his couch let pain and grief retire,
And wake again life's half-extinguish'd fire;
Then through the land to thee shall altars rise,
And thy lov'd name ring echoing in the skies.

While

While thus she spoke, the first sad train withdrew,
And soon a stately shade approach'd to view,
I instant ALFRED in the figure knew;
Wide o'er his breast a flowing beard appear'd,
And high aloft the Cambrian harp he rear'd,
In his left hand a code of laws he held,
His martial port the glorious shade reveal'd;
While I amaz'd, the mighty form survey'd,
He rais'd his head, and thus sedate he said:

Fair Goddesses hear thy suppliant's request.
O grant thy help to Albion's King distressed!
Let pale disease forsake the Monarch's bed,
And round his brows thy healing influence shed;
O let him longer to his Realms be given!
Nor claim as yet his glorious seat in heaven:
Let him remain, 'till age with slow advance
Shall call on Death, and bid him point his lance:
Like me, then full of years and honors die,
And join his great forefathers in the sky.

He ceas'd; and soon another form appear'd,
And to the goddesses thus his suit prefer'd;

All-powerful queen, great England's King restore !
And make the kingdom what it was before,
When I, with lustre fill'd the regal seat,
And saw the French and Scots, beneath my feet ;
But not like GEORGE in private life I shone,
And with domestic virtues fill'd the throne ;
'Twas war alone that brought my bosom joy,
Slaughter and conquest did my thoughts employ ;
I deem'd the peaceful arts beneath my care,
And bent my mind alone to blood and war ;
In GEORGE'S reign let both united rise,
And spread the fame of Albion to the skies ;
For this great purpose stretch thy powerful hand,
And give the Sovereign to his mourning land,
Then EDWARD'S shade shall in soft quiet rest,
And happy England be compleatly blest.

He said ; and mix'd among the suppliant crew,
And quick a mighty form appear'd in view,
The warlike HENRY'S shade with joy I knew ;
I saw the King with martial step advance,
High on his helm he bore the arms of France,

Approach-

Approaching to the Dame with solemn tread,
Bending his knee, thus to the Queen he said;
O powerful fair! to bless frail mortals given,
Thou blooming daughter of indulgent Heaven;
In ev'ry clime, in ev'ry age implor'd,
By ev'ry voice throughout the earth ador'd;
Without thy aid the world no joy can give,
No bliss can man from wealth, or power receive:
When thou, bright Goddess, tak'st thy rapid flight,
The sun himself seems quench'd in shades of night,
To the sick eye, the flow'rs no longer blow,
Or to the ear, the strains melodious flow;
This, this alas! with grief, and woe I found,
As pale I lay, with Conquest, Victory crown'd
My aching brows with wreaths of Laurel bound,
While flow disease consum'd my wasting frame,
Senseless I lay of Honor, or of Fame,
No joy could then my feeble bosom move,
And ev'n extinguish'd seem'd my Country's love,
But now in Death it burns with brighter flame,
Dearer than Conquest, Glory, Honor, Fame,

That

That, bids me here a humble suppliant bend,
O'er England's King, fair Queen thy power extend;
Dispell the pains that press the Monarch down,
Bid him resume again the regal throne;
Let him spread wide once more his high command,
And bless again a loyal, faithful land.

The Monarch ceas'd, and rising flow retir'd,
Th' astonish'd band the mighty Chief admir'd.

Again I look'd and saw a figure rise,
Unusual brilliance darted from her eyes;
Around her form a beamy radiance spread,
And spark'ling glories play'd above her head;
Before her, Fame a brazen trumpet blew,
And on the air, her azure garments flew,
But down her face the streams of sorrow roll,
And deepest anguish seem'd to rend her soul,
Slow she advanc'd, and lowly bending down,
Held forth a Sceptre, and a regal crown;

Hear, hear my prayer! aloud the Vision cries,
Bid from his couch, great England's Monarch rise,
O'er a glad realm again extend his sway,
And teach a willing people to obey;

Then

Then shall my much-lov'd State her power maintain,
And her proud fleets unrivall'd ride the main,
Through ev'ry clime her glory shall be known,
As when of old I fill'd the regal throne ;
For me, by Heav'ns command the winds arose,
And whelm'd beneath the deep my daring foes :
O may the land as then, it's favor prove,
And gain the Sovereign to his people's love ;
For this, O Goddess, we thy aid implore,
Relieve his pains, his wonted health restore,
So every tongue thy honor'd name shall hail,
And Britons yet unborn, repeat the tale.
She said, and slowly rais'd her scepter'd hand,
Then sad retiring join'd the suppliant band.

Next ANNA's phantom struck my wond'ring eyes.
Solemn, and slow I saw the shade arise,
Upon the air her mournful voice she sent,
Then low beneath the Goddess' feet she bent,
From her sad bosom sighs unnumber'd broke,
And humbly to the Queen of Health she spoke :
Did grief, she cried, stop Anna's vital breath ?
And must her sorrows never cease in death ?

Not deeper anguish fill'd this tortur'd breast,
When dying Gloster in my arms I prest,
Not when I saw his quivering spirit fly,
And Death's black curtain drop upon his eye,
Than now I feel for BRUNSWICK's hapless line,
Stretch pow'rful maid we pray thy hand divine.

In life's full bloom the Monarch's father died,
Call'd from the world in all his youthful pride :
O save the Son ! my dearest Country save,
And snatch the Sovereign from the greedy grave !
Then shall my soul again be fill'd with joy,
And thy lov'd name shall every tongue employ ;
Gladness shall then in every breast arise,
As when my banner waving to the skies,
On Gallia's coast rais'd high the English fame,
And bade the stars proclaim her glorious name.

She said ; and soon the doors wide-open flew,
The healing God himself appear'd in view ;
Aloft his Lyre, and Laurel Crown he rais'd,
Around his head a thousand sun-beams blaz'd ;
With pity on the croud he bent his look,
And as he spoke the lofty Temple shook :

Haste

Haste Goddess ! Haste, to England's much-lov'd King,
To him thy aid, thy timely succour bring,
Bid health again reanimate his frame,
And light once more life's feeble quiv'ring flame :
Thou, Æsculapius, on the maid attend,
To Albion's realm thy kind assistance lend ;
The suff'ring Monarch to his people give,
And bid in health and peace the Sovereign live.

While thus he said, I saw the powers obey,
And swift to England's shore direct their way ;
Thick fable mist obscured the blooming maid,
And veil'd her person in impervious shade ;
A mortal's shape the Heav'nly sage conceal'd,
And instant WILLIS' figure I beheld ;
I saw him slow approach the languid King,
And pale disease unwilling take her wing :
Again with health and strength his features shone ;
I saw him mount again his regal throne ;
To songs of gladness London's towers resound,
And mirth and pleasure fill the Kingdom round.

Again upon the dome my eyes I bent,
When lo ! the pile with shouts of joy was rent,

And .

And glorious Phœbus, bursting from a cloud,
With lofty voice address'd the joyful croud;

Behold the Monarch to his people given,
With lowly rev'rence hail the pow'r of Heaven;
Long, long shall GEORGE adorn the British throne,
And long his sway his happy subjects own;
And when at length he claims his kindred skies,
Behold like him another GEORGE shall rise;
Like him just, pious, good, the nation's boast,
With all his youthful, early follies lost;
As he doth now, great Henry once appear'd,
Who high to Heav'n the English glory rear'd;
Like him, the PRINCE shall bless the regal throne,
The land with pride, his love and care shall own ::
Mark what I say ! and know my word is FATE,
Thou Guardian Genius of the British state ;
Raise, raise your voice, bid all his subjects sing,
High Heaven for ever bless Great Britain's much-lov'd King..

Sleep could no more my happiness contain,
No more the flowing tide of joy restrain ;
Instant the Phantoms from my sight withdrew,
Waking, I found the glorious Vision TRUE..